

## (we're on the right side of rock bottom) and i hope that we keep falling by ceruleanstorm

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**Summary:**

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"Am I in heaven?" he asked, his words slurring together. She was holding his hand. When did that happen?

"Sup, Wheeler." Max and Will came into view, followed by Lucas and Dustin, guilt written all over their faces.

"Nope, I'm in hell."

Falling for your best friend is sure to be interesting.

# (we're on the right side of rock bottom) and i hope that we keep falling

## Author's Note:

this was for a prompt on tumblr. it's three thousand words of word vomits. sorry. i promise the next story will be more cohesive.

"Well that was forty five minutes of my life I'll never get back." Lucas sighed as he entered the Wheeler kitchen. Dustin, Max, and Will followed, Dustin making a beeline for the leftover Halloween candy sitting on the counter, completely ignoring Max's point that it was probably Holly's.

"It's getting seriously bad." Dustin said, tearing the wrapper off a Snickers. "All they do is stare at each other anymore. I could wave my hand in front of Eleven's face, and nothing."

"And they only stare when the other's not looking." Max reminded them with a frown and leaned back on the counter.

"Don't forget they totally touch each other when they think we're not watching." Max made a face and Dustin waved her off. "I mean like, his hand is like on her knee. And she's always got a hand on his shoulder. I swear they were holding hands during the last campaign."

"When are they not holding hands? Why did we think we could have a study group with there like this?" Lucas asked.

Will shrugged. "Well how it's going with Team Mike? What'd he say when you talked to him about this?"

"Oh he right out denied it." Lucas half shouted in the direction of the basement. "Mr. Eleven isn't my girlfriend! I don't like her like that! We're just friends! Friends, my ass!"

"Did you get Eleven to tell you anything?" Dustin asked Will and Max as Lucas continued his impression of Mike behind their backs.

“She just got all blushy. But the nice thing about El is that she never lies.” Max smirked.

“So she told you?”

“You honestly needed confirmation? Of course she’s like in love with Wheeler. I just can’t figure out why.” She started laughing at her own joke. “But I don’t think she’s planning on telling him anytime soon.”

“What do we now?” Will asked the group. He was just as sick of them complaining about Mike and Eleven as he was of Mike and Eleven. It was enough that they had decided to split into teams to try to get the two stubborn love birds to confess their feelings and that the losing team paid next time at the arcade. Catch was, Mike had to confess to *her* and she had to confess to *him*, and right now they were at a stand still.

“We could try locking them in a closet.” Dustin took another candy bar and threw it at Lucas.

“Nah,” Will shook his head. “It’s not very fun in there.”

“I could threaten to beat Wheeler up!” suggested Max, her eyes lighting up.

“And then you would die because Eleven would kill you if you laid a finger on him.” Lucas reminded her.

“Well what do we do? Because I’m sick of this! Why don’t they just make out already?” Dustin yelled threw his hands on the kitchen island. He always did have a flare for the dramatics, Max thought, rolling her eyes. She glanced back at the basement, biting her lip, before turning back to the group to come up with a new plan.

But what they didn’t know was that they didn’t need a plan. Or that Mike and Eleven were sitting on the couch in the basement, listening as the entire conversation floated through the open door.

Mike managed to glance at Eleven. “So... you have a crush on me?”

El turned on him, looking at their intertwined hands. “We’ve been dating for a month, mouthbreather.”

"Still—" he laughed and she bumped him on the shoulder. "That's embarrassing."

They continued to sit together, listening to their friends who had no realistic conception about how loud they were being, and El squeezed his hand, feeling her cheeks heat up.

"Do you want to tell them?" he asked in a gentle whisper and El's heart melted a little at the look in his eyes. She shook her head.

"I want it to just be us. Just for a little while longer." she whispered, leaning her head on Mike's shoulder. El couldn't remember having ever been this happy and she didn't want to ruin it. She'd wanted to be with Mike for so many years, and was tired with living in the blank space between them. Her crush was bordering on something stronger, but El swallowed it. Sixteen year olds couldn't fall in love, that was an adult thing. Besides, they were just friends, right? Friends who held hands and fell asleep on the couch together. El chastised herself. She was back with Mike, she shouldn't even have that. But every time she looked up and he was there, she'd see his freckles and feel greedy because she wanted more. Mike, he just wanted to be friends. So they stayed.

That was last thing Mike wanted actually. Well, he always wanted to be her friend and she was one of his best friends, but he'd fallen such a long time ago. She was so kind and beautiful and funny and too good to be true. Their friendship was too good to be true. And there was no way an amazing girl like her could ever have feelings for a wastoid like him.

But about a month ago they'd been alone in the basement together. It was getting late, their hands kept touching and Mike couldn't stop staring at her, her hair coming out of the little bun she had and falling around her face, he couldn't help but stare at her. Only this time she'd caught him.

"What are you staring at?" she asked him, moving so she could be closer to him.

Mike coughed, their eye contact suddenly broken. *You. Because you're amazing and beautiful and I think I might be in love with you even though*

*you could never be in love with me.*

“Mike?” she said his name again, and when he looked up, she was right there. Liked she always would be. It was beyond unfair to her to hiding this from her. Friends didn’t lie, and she was his best friend.

He tucked a piece of her hair behind her ear and leaned in closer to her. Eleven’s stomach dropped with anticipation, her breath catching before she met him halfway. The kiss was gentle, cautious, and she could feel him shaking. Her hand came and found its way into his soft hair. He then pulled away, fearing the absolute worst, but then he saw the light in El’s eyes and the smile on her face and he just had to kiss her again.

They’d started going out shortly after that, sneaking away to movies and taking walks on the train tracks, losing themselves as they were honest with each other for the first time in a long time. Unfortunately, there wasn’t much kissing, mostly holding hands and being close to each other just for the sake of being close, but Mike was hesitant to cross the line a second time. No matter how badly he wanted to.

The others didn’t know. El didn’t want to tell them at first; their friends were bound to tease and she hated how the teasing made Mike uncomfortable. And for right now, she just wanted Mike to herself. Just the two of them, no one else.

Mike however, wanted to climb on his roof and shout to the whole freaking world that the most amazing girl in the universe wanted to date him.

As they sat there together, listening to their friends try to come up with a plan to get them together, El glanced at her boyfriend. He was frowning, refusing to look at her, and El’s heart began to hurt. Maybe this hadn’t been the best plan.

“Why can’t we lock them in a closet again? I think that’s the best solution.” Dustin shouted. El felt her cheeks heating up at the idea of being locked in a closet with Mike, who still wouldn’t look her.

“You just want fast results, Henderson.” Max accused him. “All that

will get us is a makeout session and what we need is a confession! Or else I'm not paying.”

Lucas scoffed. “You sound like you want to take them to court!”

“No offense, but Mike would sooner die than confess. He may be a kick ass DM but he is not good with this kind of stuff.” Dustin half yelled. Mike put his head in his hands and was muttering something about how he wouldn’t.

“Oh, like you are?” Max let out a loud laugh that made El jump.

“For your information, I’m great with the ladies!” Dustin shouted back.

“Well *excuse* me for making assumptions, because you were definitely *not* back in ‘84!”

“Oh, come on!”

“I’ve had enough of this.” El whispered, startling Mike. She grabbed his hand again and squeezed, trying to pull him up off the couch.

“Where are we going?” he whined as she led him through the basement. “I’d sooner die than go up there.”

“We’re going to fix this, okay?” El turned and looked at him with wide eyes. *Trust me*, she squeezed his hand again, *please*. *Trust me like I trust you*. Mike’s shoulders fell and he squeezed back. *I do trust you*. Then she was leading him up the basement stairs to the full blown argument that was taking place in his kitchen.

They came to the landing and she stopped him at the door, waiting for them to be spotted.

“We can call them on the phone and pretend to be other people!” snapped Dustin. All four of them stood in the kitchen with a complete obliviousness to El and Mike. Mike sent her a look, and she shook her head.

“Okay, I’m lost.” Will put his hands up. “What’s even the point of that? Why don’t we just record one of them confessing with a tape

recorder and play it for the other!"

Dustin shook his head, his wild curls flying everywhere. "Nah, they'd see through that."

"Oh but they wouldn't see being thrown in the closet as a set up?" Max pointed out.

"No, but they are standing right there." Lucas realized with wide eyes as he had happened to glance over his shoulder and whirled around.

"Oh shit..."

Mike looked back at Eleven, trying to keep the irritation out of his demeanor, then sent a glare in the direction of his friends. Waiting, El stood still.

"We didn't mean—" Lucas started.

Jumping in, Max said over the boys "We were just—"

"We're not going to really put you in the closet if that makes you feel any better!" shouted Will.

"Dude we're all about get thrown through the wall." Dustin took a step back, pushing Max in front of him.

"What the hell, Dustin?" she shouted as she shoved him back in front. "This is *your* fault."

"*Excuse* me? Who's idea was this in the first place?" he yelled, and they all began to shout at each other, desperately pointing fingers and slowly migrating backwards toward the front door.

"What are we doing here?" Mike looked at her, trying not to think about how close they were.

She gave him a smile that was borderline mischievous and it was like he was falling for her all over again. "This." she whispered and brushing the hair out of his face and standing up to kiss, long and hard. He responded quickly, his hands resting on her waist and he brought her closer, breathing her in. He could feel her smile, and

suddenly he was pouring everything into the kiss. Everything he'd ever wanted to say.

The others had fallen silent, merely side characters in a story that wasn't about them. They stayed quiet, eyes wide and mouths open, until Lucas whispered "Holy shit."

El began to pull away from Mike, and he whined as she broke the kiss. They were so doing that again. Soon. He took a step back from her, slightly dizzy, and then another.

"Are you guys going to explain that?" Max asked, the shock apparent on her face and her hands on her hips.

His beautiful girlfriend (he still couldn't believe that's what she was to him) shook her head, and Mike took another shaky step back. That's when his foot slipped and he yelled out an appropriate expletive. El turned to catch him, but it was too late. He was already flailing as he fell backwards down the stairs.

"Mike!" El shouted, unable to slow him down. A loud thud echoed throughout the house as Mike's head hit the concrete floor.

"Damn El," Lucas said as she bolted down the stairs. They all stuck their heads around the basement door. "Who've you been kissing?"

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Mike's head was pounding when he managed to peel his eyes open. His vision was blurry and all he heard was some buzzing around. Then El came into his view, her mouth moving as she spoke words he couldn't make out and her expression worried. He smiled up at her despite the throbbing pain in his head.

"Am I in heaven?" he asked, his words slurring together. She was holding his hand. When did that happen?

"Sup, Wheeler." Max and Will came into view, followed by Lucas and Dustin, guilt written all over their faces.

"Nope, I'm in hell." he groaned, trying sit up. A shockwave of intense pain came shot through his body, and he had to lay back down again.

“Careful.” El told him immediately, her soft hand on his face. Her always cold hands felt good on his cheeks.

“El kissed you and then you fell down the stairs.” Dustin explained.

Mike rolled his eyes. “I remember what happened.” Like he could forget that kiss. He tried to sit back up, El coming to his side immediately, helping support his shoulder.

“I think you might have a concussion. You hit the ground really hard. I was worried...” She brought her hands to his face, her eyes scared. Mike took her hand. “I’m worried it might be worse than it looks. I couldn’t catch you...” Her eyes misted over and she turned away from them.

“Hey.” he squeezed her hand. “I’ll be okay.”

El quickly wiped her tears. “Can you stand up?”

With her help he managed to, his friends coming to his side to catch him if he fell. They moved together towards the stairs, Mike using an ungodly amount of concentration to climb each step.

“So,” Lucas asked as they came to the top. “Are you two like a thing now or what?”

Mike rolled his eyes again, even though it made the pounding in his head. He didn’t say anything, only looked at El, wanting to somehow prove the fall hadn’t hurt him too badly.

“Yes.” El said with resolve. She looked at him and quick smile flashed across her face for a moment.

“I can’t believe it took me falling down the stairs for you guys to figure that out.” Mike smirked, successfully making his girlfriend laugh, if only for a second.

“It wasn’t the fall, Wheeler.”

He knew that. He definitely knew that.

The doctor ended up deciding that Mike only had a mild concussion and had gotten off lucky, he could've split his head open. Mike had thanked the doctor and nurse for their help and the ice pack before he went back out to his friends.

Max and Dustin were back at again, arguing about some poster on the wall loud enough for most of the waiting room to grant them ugly stares. Mike had to cover his ears as he walked out. Then there was Will, who had fallen asleep on Lucas shoulder, also sleeping, despite the yelling. That left El, curled up in a little ball and resting her head on her knees.

"Hey." he whispered, nudging her knee. She looked up and there he was, all her worry balled up in her stomach.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, her voice hoarse. Mike shrugged and took the seat next her, taking her hand. "What did the doctor say?"

"You were right about the concussion. He said I got lucky and that it's minor. The nurse gave me a list of things to look out for and told me to come back if I noticed anything weird." He leaned in until their foreheads were touching.

"You fell down the stairs," El whispered, almost like she couldn't believe. Mike nodded, ignoring the pain. "It was my fault. I- I shouldn't have kissed you."

She might as well of punched him the stomach. She didn't regret that, did she? Had they gone too far and crossed a line. "The last thing I regret is kissing you. This wasn't your fault." El didn't respond and he squeezed her hand. "It wasn't your fault, El. But I'd totally fall down the stairs again if it means I get to kiss you again."

El giggled and Mike lit up. "It is pretty fun kissing you." she laughed, pecking him on the cheek. "But let's try to avoid the stairs next time."

"Are you kidding? I'll go find a set of stairs *right now* -"

She cut him off with more laughter. "No, Mike, no, one concussion is enough for today."

“Okay.” he pouted, leaning his head down on her shoulder. Her fingers combed through his hair, and somehow it helped to alleviate the pain. Today hadn’t been completely awful. Sure they’d spilled their big secret and he’d almost cracked his head open, but he’d rather everybody know they were dating. Because it was so obvious how much he loved her, and there was no way he could keep that secret.

“I’d fall down a million set of stairs,” he whispered into her shoulder, “if it meant getting to see you smile.”

“Oh my God ,” Lucas moaned from his seat, eyes still closed as El kissed Mike’s head, “would you two just get a room already?!”

**Author's Note:**

love you all! let me know what you think in the comments (it really helps)